

GERMAN SOLUTION
OF POLISH QUESTION

Snacks Plainly of German Flavor—Principal Features of Plan Published.

London, July 2.—The principal features of the German solution of the Polish question which are approved by all the central powers, are published in the Abend Zeitung of Augsburg, Germany, says an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Zurich. The conditions are:

"The frontiers will be fixed by the German high command according to military necessities.

"The Polish army will be restricted to 50,000.

"For fifty years Poland must make most favorable economic concessions to the central powers on the principle of the most favored nation.

"Publication of German, Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian and Turkish papers must be allowed.

"In any locality where there are ten German children a German school will be opened."

Provision, the newspaper adds, also is made for an elective monarchy.

The German conditions will be incorporated in the constitution which cannot be modified without the approval of the central powers.

SOME GERMAN WIRELESS
PROPAGANDA EXPOSED

Washington, July 2.—Some German wireless propaganda was made public yesterday by the state department. A German official dispatch picked up June 27 and forwarded to the state department says:

"The Lyons wireless has started a new lie raising the number of Americans in France to 900,000, whereas three days ago they reported only 700,000. Why not raise the number by a million daily? This is only a method of allaying the extreme depression of the entente nations."

The facts are that on June 10, Secretary of War Baker made public the fact that there were more than 700,000 Americans in France. On June 15 the war department announced that the number of Americans who sailed for overseas service was more than 800,000. On June 22, it was announced that the number had passed the 900,000 mark.

SWEDEN TELLS GERMAN
MINISTER HER REGRETS

Amsterdam, July 2.—The Swedish government, the Koelische Zeitung quotes the official Wolff bureau as saying, has expressed to the German minister at Stockholm regret for the recent statements made in London by Hjalmar Branting, the Swedish socialist leader.

While attending the British labor party conference in London, Mr. Branting on June 26, told the Associated Press that he could say with great pleasure that the Swedish people were becoming more pro-ally. He said he was convinced, however, that Sweden would continue to be neutral.

CHATEAU-THIERRY IS NOW
LIKE A GERMAN CEMETERY

For Americans and French Drenched With Lead and High Explosives—Fighting Now is of Most Bizarre Kind Ever Seen in War—Tour of Town Replete With Thrills.

(Copyright, 1918, by New York World.)

With the American Forces on the Marne—French and American artillery, French and American machine guns and French and American snipers are turning the northern part of the city of Chateau-Thierry into a German cemetery. Operating in even more perfect unison than ever before, the poilus and the boys from the United States are drenching the foe with a downpour of lead and high explosives wherever and whenever he raises his head.

In the strangest kind of fighting that ever this war has produced it was the Americans to whom fell the heroic role of stemming the enemy onrush at the Chateau-Thierry bridges four weeks ago, and they are still demonstrating daily and nightly the spirit of initiative and adaptability that is in their blood.

Night Tour of Chateau-Thierry.

There was little the French could teach us about the tactics employed in Chateau-Thierry nowadays, for it was as new to them as it was to us. How thoroughly our greenhorn youngsters have familiarized themselves with the needs of the entirely novel situation I learned last night and early this morning in the course of a four-hour tour through the southern quarter of the city. Accompanied by a captain on the staff of the American general commanding our forces in this sector and another correspondent, I essayed to see what it was like.

Despite warnings to the effect that roaming about Chateau-Thierry is about as safe as toying with a rattlesnake's rattle, we had a charmingly placid visit. Neither shells nor machine gun fusillades, both of which evils were fairly plentiful, interfered with our seeing the most peculiar sights I have ever beheld during three years' fairly intimate acquaintance with this war.

Strangest Kind of Fighting.

What we saw was neither trench warfare nor the open order of operations, nor yet the "injun fighting" that prevails in Belleau wood. It was something of all three with a touch of the barricade of the Paris commune and a reminiscent hint of a Philadelphia street car strike.

The element that makes it radically different from all these is the River Marne, the most likeliest no man's land to fight across that could well be desired. And fight across it they do, for both French and American patrols have reached the German bank and engaged enemy groups in hand-to-hand encounters in the eastern suburbs of the town.

How they manage to cross and recross the deep, swift-flowing stream is best not disclosed, but I may say that more than one American has been mighty glad he practiced the Australian crawl so assiduously in the old swimming hole back home.

It is the machine gunners and expert riflemen who harass the Germans most in Chateau-Thierry, however. Imagine an enemy on the northern side of the Harlem river and our soldiers

holding Manhattan Island, with single snipers or little knots of machine guns and automatic rifles hidden away in the cellar or perched on the roof of every building, industriously combining the streets and structures across the way with bullets. The Marne is about as wide and runs through Chateau-Thierry in about the same way as the Harlem does through northern Manhattan. Of course, the enemy snipers on our side of it quite as busily, but we have reason to believe we know more about them than they know about us, so that he does us, and hence we do him more harm than he does us.

We started from the mansion that houses the headquarters of one of the American contingents in the Marne sector about twilight calling upon Gen. (deleted), who informed us he had known Gen. Von Schmettow, commanding the German divisional group opposite his force, quite well in Washington twelve years ago. The staff captain who was to be our guide showed the chauffeur the way. At one of the crossroads he waved his hand toward the north and observed nonchalantly:

Foe Machine Gun Near.

"There is a German machine gun nest straight ahead about half a mile. That's all right, sir, our brackets are working fine," the driver rejoined briskly. The captain said:

"We had best turn off to the right, anyway, as the machine gun-function quicker than the brute well in Washington twelve years ago. The staff captain who was to be our guide showed the chauffeur the way. At one of the crossroads he waved his hand toward the north and observed nonchalantly:

Warning Voice in the Dark.

"Better not take a chance that way," it warned. "They cut loose on that street every little while with machine guns."

The soundness of the doughboy's advice was proved a moment later, when we heard the sinister snapping of bullets on the paving we had just left.

A polli guided us through a mystic maze of gardens and back yards along a path that led through holes chopped out of stone walls. This was once the fashionable residential district. In many fine old houses we passed doors and windows that had been left wide open in the haste of the owners' flight. Here was glimpsed a dining room in which the table was set for a dinner that never was eaten; there a bedroom turned topsy-turvy by its occupant in his hurried preparations for departure.

Then we came upon the debris that was the evidence of a stray enemy shell, but for the most part the damage had been slight.

An hour's ramble, always in the rear of rows of houses—because the streets are unhealthy in Chateau-Thierry—brought us to a partly ruined factory near the Marne.

Piling past these structures, their accoutrements casting fantastic shadows in the moonlight, was a company of American infantry. They were taking up positions in the various eerie nooks and crannies that form the firing line hereabouts. We accompanied them to a place from which one made out, gleaming whitely in the moonlight across the river a villa that was the nearest enemy machine gun fortlet.

As One American Saw It.

The doughboys and the quickfiring elements from the same unit were part of the force that added the French in keeping the Germans north of the Marne. Since then they have become experts in the bizarre strife that goes on in Chateau-Thierry.

"There is nothing to it," one of them informed me. "All you have to do is to keep your head down when the moon is up and duck when their bullets come over. We know twice as much about them as they do about us. If there was daylight now I could show you where every German sniper within range of us hides himself. We can hear 'em squeal sometimes when we hit 'em."

The Marne isn't much more than a hundred yards across, you see, and at night there are hundreds of bushes (American for boches) right on the edge of it. Sure, I have been over there on patrol, but I haven't had the luck to find any of the myer."

Another youth wondered when the enemy would try to send his patrols across the river.

"I thought sure they were coming the other night when I ran plumb into a big German, soaking wet. I come near jabbing my bayonet into him before I saw his hands up. He was a deserter and must have wanted to quit mighty bad, for he had swam clear across the river."

Foe Observers Keen.

I saw the bridge over which our machine gunners had retired when it was decided to give up the northern part of the city. This bridge was dynamited five seconds after the Americans were across it—all save one, Corp. John Gambrell, who had remained behind long enough to throw the machine guns we had been obliged to leave into the river. He himself followed them an swim to safety under a hail of German bullets.

We went along the river, only slightly screened from the prying German observers, and thence along the canal that divides the southern quarter of the city. From a certain point we made our way by back yard route to the very center of the town, where the Rue Carnot runs into the bridge the American machine gunners blew up by exploding a charge with a well-aimed volley of bullets after the electric fusing had been cut by the German's fire.

The Rue Carnot is Chateau-Thierry's principal thoroughfare, running as it does in a straight line from the central bridge southward to the station, a mile away. At its northern end a barricade of heaped-up boxes filled with sand faces a similar obstacle on the opposite side of the wrecked bridge.

In the northern wall of a house at an angle of the Rue Carnot and the river was a cannon ball which was imbedded there during Napoleon's stand at the Marne in 1870. I wondered if it was still there, but did not try to see because the enemy has that area very neatly spotted. We ventured, tiptoe, down the Rue Carnot—which is swept from east to west by a direct machine gun fire from the heights north of the Marne—to the first cross street where stands the old Hotel du Cygne.

On my first visit to the French front I

three years ago I had stopped there and had seen a German bullet that had lodged itself in the writing room mirror after cutting through the steepest door and the inner wall. We looked into the venerable hostelry and found it no more damaged than it was on my last visit three months ago. The mirror, with the bullet, was still there, and the house was quite untouched by the recent warfare in its immediate vicinity.

While we were in the hotel, which if course had no occupants, the machine guns on both sides started spitting furiously and we decided it was about time to go home. We moved cautiously back through the Rue Carnot, not feeling as if the moonbeams were searchlights turned on us for the German machine gunners' benefit.

What Will Its Fate Be?

From the comparative security of the barricade at the head of the street—a wall of heaped-up boxes and bags filled with sand, which faces a similar wall 100 yards away on the German side of the stream—I took a long look down this thoroughfare as I have walked so often in less thrilling circumstances. Its unperturbed street is paved with cobblestones and lined with the narrow sidewalks peculiar to the old French provincial towns.

In many of the shops on the ground floor of the houses merchandise was still lying on shelves behind the shattered plateglass windows. None of the houses appeared to have been badly battered, and as they all had been pockmarked with bullets and shrapnel during the fighting in Sept., 1914, there was little change in their appearance from last time I had seen them. Yet no man could stand for half an hour in that street and live.

That's Chateau-Thierry—a battlefield with a river on no man's land and at the same time a city practically intact and inhabitable tomorrow if the far were to end then. But the war won't end tomorrow, and Chateau-Thierry may be destined to endure the fate of Rheims, Arras, Soissons and Verdun.

But the Americans defending the city will do all that can be done to avert such a tragedy. That they will succeed is by no means improbable.

GERMANY IMPOSES HARD
TERMS ON POLAND

Army Must Be Limited to 90,000 and Allies Excluded From Polish Jurisdiction.

(International News Service.)

Zurich, July 2.—Germany, according to the Abend Zeitung, of Munich, has imposed the following terms in recognizing the Polish kingdom:

1. Army must be limited to 90,000 men.
2. Preferential trade rights to Germany and Austria for fifty years.
3. German allies excluded from Polish jurisdiction.

BEREA COLLEGE DOING
WORK AT FORT PAYNE, ALA.

(Special to The News.)

Fort Payne, Ala., July 2.—This extension chautauqua of Berea college, Kentucky, which has been doing work here this week, left for Crossville Monday to stay there a week and do extension work. The chautauqua has been quite a success at this place and was well attended by the interested citizens of the town. The county farm demonstration agent and Miss Frank Dobbs, home demonstration agent, both assisted in the work.

DEKALB COUNTY, ALA.
HAS A YOUNG CYCLONE

(Special to The News.)

Fort Payne, Ala., July 2.—DeKalb county was visited Sunday afternoon by a young cyclone and considerable damage was done in different parts of the county. At Honegar, on Sand mountain, the Baptist church was blown down and other property destroyed by wind which seemed to come in the form of a small cyclone out of the west.

At Fort Payne the wind was strong, but no serious damage was done except by lightning, which struck sev-

DALTON BOY WOUNDED
IN ACTION IN FRANCE

Mrs. Mary E. Hardin Notified of Injury to Her Son, Private Amos Hardin.

(Special to The News.)

Dalton, Ga., July 2.—Official notice came yesterday from Washington to Mrs. Mary E. Hardin, of Dalton, conveying the information that her son, Private Amos Hardin, had been severely wounded in action in France on June 5.

This is the third casualty among the Whitfield county men in France. John F. Slaton was the first to give his life, and later William L. Wear was killed in action. Young Hardin volunteered here on Nov. 10, 1917. He was less than 21 years of age when he enlisted at the local army recruiting station. The two men killed also volunteered.

Mrs. Hardin, mother of Private Hardin, now draws a pension of \$40 per month and has a medal from the Carnegie hero foundation because of the heroic death of her husband, who, several years ago, volunteered to enter a well and tie a rope around the body of a man who had been overcome by noxious gases. He succeeded in tying the rope before losing consciousness, but gave his life in saving his companion.

STUDENTS SEE SNAKES
AT SUMMER SCHOOL

(Special to The News.)

Knoxville, July 2.—Students of the Summer School of the South saw snakes Monday night. Do not infer that Knoxville is no longer "bone-dry"; it is. But the reptiles were used by Dr. J. M. Johnson, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, in a lecture on "Snakes and Their Habits." Co-eds shuddered as Dr. Johnson caressed his pets.

PLEADS FOR NATIONAL
ANTHEM FOR GERMANY

Opposed to Germans Expressing Their Patriotism to Tune of "God Save the King."

(Associated Press.)

Amsterdam, July 2.—A plea for a new national anthem is made by the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin. "It is ridiculous," it adds, "for Germans to give the noblest expression of their patriotism to the tune of 'God save the king!'"

KNOX COUNTY'S TAX RATE
SHOWS SLIGHT REDUCTION

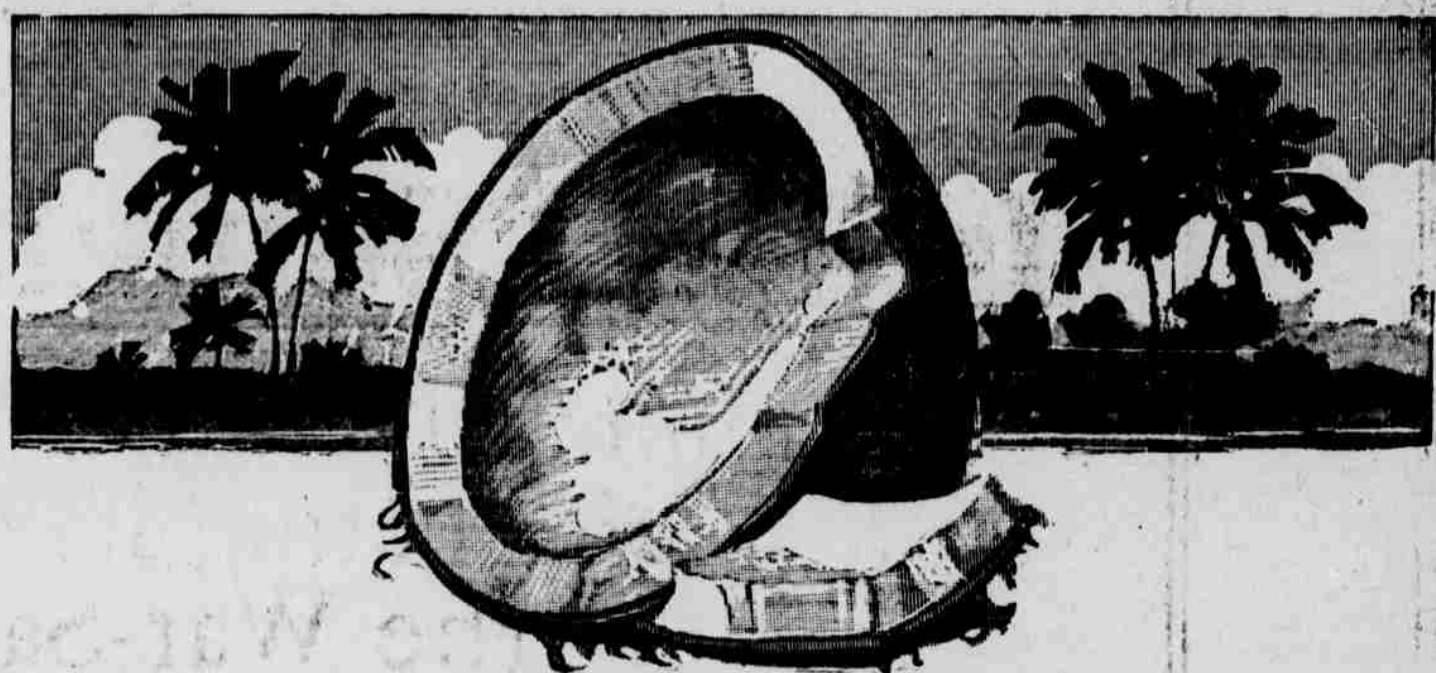
(Special to The News.)

Knoxville, July 2.—Knox county's tax rate was made \$1.87 per \$100 taxable property at the July session of the county court. It is a reduction of 3 cents over the rate for last year. Judge Trotter, in his annual report, stated that he has reduced criminal costs \$30,000, and claimed it was the first time in the history of the county that they had been cut down. His report showed county indebtedness of \$1,122,717.37 and assessed valuation of \$45,046,459.

W. F. GARTH DECLINES TO
DEBATE WITH EMORY PIERCE

(Special to The News.)

Huntsville, Ala., July 2.—W. F. Garth, one of the most prominent men in Alabama, socially, financially and politically, has declined a challenge to a joint debate issued to him by Emory Pierce, one of the candidates on the prohibition ticket for senator in the Alabama legislature.

Science Solves the Butter Problem
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Just when the price of butter threatens to make it an unattainable luxury, science perfects TROCO, the new vegetable butter made from the white meat of the coconut.

It tastes exactly like the finest creamery butter and is even more wholesome and pure.

It is churned with fresh Pasteurized milk to give true butter flavor.

Because of old laws, made before this discovery, we are compelled to label this nut-made butter as oleomargarine.

But it contains no oleo oils—no hog or beef fat, nor any preservatives. TROCO is simply vegetable fats, churned with milk for the butter taste.

Yet this appetizing combination costs no more than does the best grades of oleomargarine.

TROCO

Can't Be Told From Butter

TROCO has all the good qualities of fine creamery butter. The only difference you will notice is the cost.

It is as nutritious as cream butter, and as easily digested. It possesses the fuel value needed for energy.

TROCO when served has butter's golden color, because we supply the same vegetable coloring used by all butter makers.

Served on your table, without explanation, no one can tell the difference.

Goes Farther In Cooking

TROCO, used in cooking, gives the same results as butter, except that it goes farther. Cooks should remember this and reduce the amount.

TROCO NUT BUTTER CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOX BROS. CO., Wholesale Grocers
DISTRIBUTORS
Phones: Main 6362 and 6363



NOTICE: Under the law, all butter substitutes must be branded oleomargarine. That law was passed before the TROCO package was branded "Oleomargarine." Oleomargarine is a cheap, inferior product. There is no oleo in it. All butter substitutes must pay an extra tax if colored. So the color for TROCO, course in a capsule. Add it yourself, as you do with Oleomargarine.

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